

NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided to fill 8 1/2" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



Saline 2  
Solution

Wife's Blame for Jealousy  
Perpetuates Teen Sex Abuse  
'I Don't Understand It at All'

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1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be improved.

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**WILSON**  
**RESEARCH LABORATORY**

# THE INQUIRER **Today** MAGAZINE

C O N T E N T S

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## Today We Remember:

JUST about 3000 miles and 108 years separate the discovery of gold in California from the grave of John Augustus Sutter in a little Moravian cemetery in Lititz, Lancaster county, Pa. For Sutter, on whose property gold was discovered on Jan. 24, 1848, finally returned to the East to press his claim against the Government and died in poverty here in 1880.

Sutter was born in Germany of Swiss parentage, came to this country as a young man and was proprietor of a general store in Kansas City before he pushed on to California. There, under a grant from the Mexican government, he established New Helvetia, known as Sutter's Fort, and developed a vast ranch operation.

With the discovery of gold, Sutter lost everything. His land was overrun, his cattle stolen, one of his sons was murdered, and Sutter was forced to flee.

## ON THE COVER

THE beach charmer who prefers to soak up the sun in small doses is wise to include at least one dress in the resort wardrobe. The cotton peau de soie knee-length beach design strikes a fashionable balance for limited exposure with stand-up collar, slit pockets and a center pleat at lower back. The dress is the inspiration of Emilio of Capri who has collaborated again with California designer Rose Marie Reid in creating beach fashions with a distinctive flair. Emilio captures the essence of the new concept in surf-side colors by using tone-on-tone harmony to coordinate with the ribbons-of-color swim suits and striking beach ensemble shown in color on Pages 16 and 17.



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THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER MAGAZINE, JANUARY 22, 1956

Today...  
 The Philadelphia Inquirer  
 Magazine JANUARY 22, 1956

Inquirer  
 FICTION



Tom Conley was confused, to say the least, to find the girls in the Hodgson family doing men's jobs—and even making square snowballs.

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Tom Conley was confused, to say the least, to find the girls in the Hodgson family doing men's jobs—and even making square snowballs.

# SQUARE SNOWBALL . . .

Family's Seeming Madness Has a Method in It

By Jack Ritchie

**I** PRESSED the doorbell of the Cape Cod cottage and while I waited I watched the 10-year-old girl playing on the snow-covered lawn. The door opened and a cheerful-faced man with a pipe in his mouth stood before me.

"Mr. Hodgson?" I asked, and when he nodded, I continued. "I'm Thomas Conley, vocational guidance director at Anderson High School."

"Sure," he said. "We've been expecting you. Come right in."

I glanced once more at the girl on the front lawn.

"My youngest," Mr. Hodgson said proudly. "Jill."

I cleared my throat. "This may seem like a silly question, but is she making square snowballs?"

He led me into the living room. "Of course," he said. "I insisted on it."

A girl of about 22, with blue eyes and light hair, was at a newspaper-covered table repairing a table lamp. She put down her pliers and smiled.

"My eldest," Mr. Hodgson said. "Ginny."

He took my topcoat. "But I suppose you're here about Kathie?"

"Yes," I said.

"She's 16," he said. "Right now she's out in the garage rotating the tires on the car. She'll be through in a few minutes."

I thought that over for a moment and then sat down on the davenport. "Your daughter," I said. "The one who's rotating tires, is now approaching that age when it is most important that she know where she is going."

"I believe it's to the movies tonight," Ginny said.

I rubbed my eyes. "What I mean is

that right at this point in her life it's important that she settle upon what will be her future. That's why I'm here. It's my job to consult with her parents to determine what is best for her."

Mr. Hodgson sat down and refilled his pipe. "Yes, sir," he said. "I believe in vocational guidance. The trouble is that it really doesn't prepare us for what actually happens."

I looked at him. "Oh?"

"That's right," he said. "Do you realize that 90 percent of us never reach those lofty goals we aim for?" He leaned forward. "In other words, to put it bluntly, we're failures. Unprepared failures."

His eyes hazed with reminiscence. "If only in my youth some guidance counselor had put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Jim, old boy, you're going to be one whopper of a failure.' He shook his head sadly. "If I had

known that I could have approached what I am today with calmness and serenity. Yes, even with anticipation."

I sat still for a few moments and then I looked at Ginny. "Square snowballs?" I'm afraid my voice squeaked slightly.

"Oh, yes," she said smiling. "They're the best kind."

Sixteen-year-old Kathie Hodgson came into the room wiping her hands on cotton waste. "That takes care of that. Tomorrow I'll see about cleaning the points."

"Kathie," Ginny said, "Mr. Conley is here to talk about your future."

Kathie sat down on the davenport beside me. "Is it my turn to be guided?"

"It's way overdue," I said.

She leaned back and half-lidded her eyes. "I'd like to be a career woman."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH P. KRUSH

## SQUARE SNOWBALL

(Continued From Page 9)

Cool, aloof, and icy-hearted, with dozens of men at my feet. I'd wear hobnailed shoes."

I considered that briefly and then reached into my briefcase for the results of some guidance tests she'd taken in school.

Mr. Hodgson looked interested. "Say," he said, "do those papers show if she has the makings of a good garage mechanic?"

I glanced at him and then consulted the sheets. I checked Kathie's aptitude scores against the guide sheets and then closed my eyes. "She'd make a whopping good mechanic."

"The trouble with me," Kathie said, "is that I'm just too well adjusted to be hard-hearted. That's because I'm the product of a happy homelife and it thwarts me."

She looked at me and smiled very slightly. "Do you rotate your tires, Mr. Conley?"

"No," I said. "After a thousand miles I drive backwards. That more or less evens the wear."

There was 30 seconds of silence. Ginny's eyes went to her father. "He fights back."

He nodded solemnly. "They're making the younger crop of sterner stuff. The last one of Kathie's teachers to visit us went away pale and trembling."

The front door clicked open and a middle-aged woman wearing a cloth coat came into the room smiling.

Mr. Hodgson got to his feet. "This is my wife, Clara," he said. "Clara, Mr. Conley is here to guide Kathie."

"How wonderful," Mrs. Hodgson said. "Especially if she's going to the north woods. Remember how she was lost for three The front door clicked open and a middle-aged woman wearing a cloth coat came into the room smiling.

Mr. Hodgson got to his feet. "This is my wife, Clara," he said. "Clara, Mr. Conley is here to guide Kathie."

"How wonderful," Mrs. Hodg-

Ginny put up the collar of her coat. "The reason my mother wanted to know whether you were married or single was simply because if you were married, she wanted to invite your wife to her club meeting. They're starting a drive for new members."

"I'm single," I said.

"I know. You wouldn't have run otherwise."

I studied her for a while and then said, "I'll drive you to the drugstore."

We got into my car and I hesitated before I turned on the ignition. "Your father does the cooking?"

She smiled. "Only when we have steak. He claims that no woman knows how to prepare one."

I started the motor. "At least that makes sense. But still your sister, Kathie, rotates tires. Talk your way out of that one."

"The boy next door does the actual changing," Ginny said. "Kathie just stands around lending her company and handing him wrenches and stuff like that."

"I feel slightly better," I said. "But you were quite definitely re-pairing a lamp."

"Guilty," she said. "But it's such a small lamp. Please forgive me."

I stopped in front of the drugstore. There was one last question to ask and Ginny waited with a half-smile on her face.

"All right," I said finally. "What about those square snowballs?"

Ginny's laugh was low and pleasant. "Jill wraps them in aluminum foil and puts them in the freezer. It saves space if they're square and she can always pat them round when she uses store. There was one last question to ask and Ginny waited with a half-smile on her face.

"All right," I said finally. "What about those square snowballs?"

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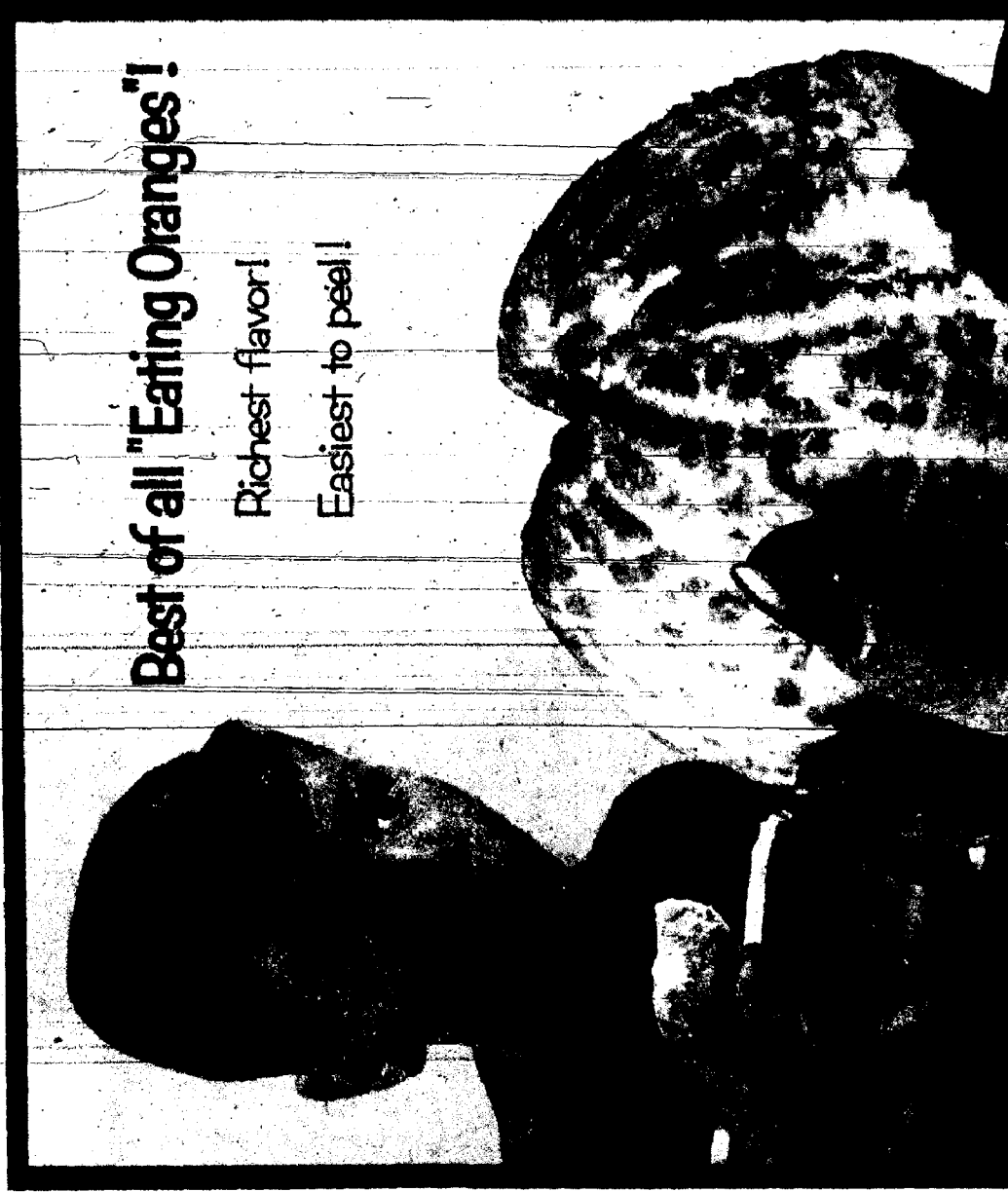
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"How wonderful," Mrs. Hodgson said. "Especially if she's going to the north woods. Remember how she was lost for three hours the last time and we were all so worried?"

Mr. Hodgson stretched a bit and grinned. "Well, I guess I'll go into the kitchen and begin fixing supper. Would you care to stay and try my cooking, Mr. Conley?"

"No, thank you," I said. "I believe I'll be going."

Mrs. Hodgson looked at me. "Are you married or single, Mr. Conley?"

I slipped the papers back into my briefcase. "I know I'll be going."

"I'm just a poor confused adolescent," Kathie said. "A piece of driftwood tossed upon the waves of life. Hither and yon." She stopped and blinked. "I do believe I'm getting seasick."

They followed me to the door and Ginny took her coat out of the closet. "I've got to go to the drugstore for some stamps," she said. "And to repair some damage."

## JEWEL

*There may be wives to some degree  
More blithe and beautiful than she,  
But when her husband tells a story  
Repetitious, dull or hoary,  
She doesn't wince, or disengage  
His listeners and steal the stage  
Or sit there looking like a victim  
Or interrupt or contradict him!*

BY THOMAS USK



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Ginny's laugh was low and pleasant. "Jill wraps them in aluminum foil and puts them in the freezer. It saves space if they're square and she can always pat them round when she uses them. In July she'll be the only girl in the neighborhood who can throw snowballs."

I let out a sigh of relief. "You see," Ginny said, "though we like to confuse people, we're still fairly normal."

"Did you say you were having steak?" I asked.

"With tomatoes and mushrooms."

"I've been thinking," I said. "That child, the one who drifts hither and yon, needs vocational guidance and I've failed her."

"And wonderful gravy," Ginny said.

"I believe I'll go back and resume the problem," I said.

The steak was delicious and I completely forgot about counseling and guiding Kathie.

But one of these days I'll get around to it. Probably when Ginny and I can't think of anything else to do.

THE END



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